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## THE LONDON BANQUET.

THERE is a marked distinction between the west end and the east in the social organisation of London. The former devotes itself to politics, evening-parties, Almacks, the Opera, and excitement; the latter, to plodding industry in the morning, and plum-pudding in the afternoon—extensive commercial speculations by day, and substantial social enjoyments by night. We have 'assisted' at private parties and public *table-d'hôtes* in every part of Europe, and with all our desire to be deemed cosmopolitan and fashionable, we candidly confess our predilections are in favour of old English fare. The Germans have but one meal in the twenty-four hours, their breakfast being a mouthful of tobacco-smoke, washed down with a mouthful of *Kaffee schwarz*; and from the heterogeneous character of the dinner, which lasts only three hours, it requires the remaining twenty-one to digest it. The French are better; but they carry artistic refinement in culinary matters to such a pitch, that all sense of enjoyment is puffed away in a *soufflet* or a *vol-au-vent*. The Italians appear to forget that man is a carnivorous animal, commence with the dessert, and never get to the dinner itself; and as for Russia, the less we say of their abominable caricatures of French cookery the better. It is only in England that the philosophy of feasting has been regularly studied and reduced to a system. It has often been said, by way of a sneer, that the way to an Englishman's heart is through his stomach, and we know that nothing of importance can be inaugurated, and few things pertaining to the common weal consummated in this country, without a dinner; but this is not an English peculiarity, for the apparently slight circumstance of a twopenny-halfpenny dinner that didn't come off in Paris overturned a dynasty, and carried France through the phase of a republic to that of an empire. Let no one, then, deny what is everywhere regarded as the great business of life; but at this festive season, when adipose sheep, pinguiferous oxen, overgrown geese, and overfed turkeys, are commencing their brief but brilliant career, let us have a little quiet appetitising talk about how this said 'business' is managed on a large scale in the great metropolis.

The head-quarters of good living are certainly east of Temple-Bar, although the Thatched House Tavern, St James's, and the Freemasons' Tavern, form connecting-links in a sort of chain of good-fellowship tending to unite the east and the west. We can call to mind a dozen leading articles in newspapers, and a score of philanthropic speeches, all commencing: 'England is honourably distinguished above all other countries by the number and extent of her charitable

institutions;' and as we find the patriotic phrase pertinent, we press it into our service. These numerous, and, in the great majority of cases, well-managed and valuable institutions, are the fountains whence flow annually a great amount of festivity, as well as a noble flood of philanthropy and benevolence. Every recurring year an appeal is made by each of these public charities to the liberality of the affluent, and these appeals uniformly take the shape of a public dinner. The first step is the organisation of a committee, and by them a list of stewards is made out, of persons locally interested in the promotion of the good work, or young parliamentary or forensic aspirants for distinction. The business of the stewards is to canvass among their friends for guests to the dinner; and formerly the responsibility rested upon them of defraying certain incidental expenses, but this has been found so objectionable, that it has been abolished, and all necessary charges are now paid out of the general fund. The finding an eligible chairman to preside is the most difficult task, and requires to be set about weeks, and sometimes months, in advance. Upon the selection of chairman rests the pecuniary success or failure of the dinner; and one of the penalties which men of high station, great eloquence, or political standing, have to pay, is the numerous applications from charitable associations to preside at these annual dinners. Taking the chair at one of these convivial meetings is bad enough during the season, when every hour of a public man's time is valuable; but when, in addition to this, the chairman has to put his name down for a round sum, ranging from ten to fifty or one hundred pounds, and when the dose has to be repeated five or six times during the year, it is enough to spoil the digestion of the best served dinner in the metropolis. Local interests sometimes are brought to bear, and in other cases the popularity and the cost are calculated; but few in the long-run hesitate to lend their name, when they know that it is to appear in capital letters in the advertisements, placards, and dinner-tickets, as that of one who has kindly consented to preside at the anniversary festival of so and so.

This is a great point gained, but it is not all—often as many moves as go to a game of chess are required to make the engagements of the Noble Lord or Right Honourable Gentleman and the 'open days' the tavern-keeper can offer correspond. The price of a ticket to a charity-dinner is now by general consent fixed at a guinea; but the tavern-keeper's contract is for some smaller sum, say twelve to fifteen shillings—the difference being to meet the expense of vocalists, who must have their dinner and a guinea each; hire of a piano, or, if the funds can afford it, a military band; invitations

to the press; and a guinea to that indigenous functionary, a toast-master, who, standing behind the chairman, repeats in a stentorian voice his orders and toasts, and gives emphasis and *ensemble* to the rounds of cheering. The eventful day at length arrives: cabs and private carriages about the hour of six roll up to the Freemasons' or the London Tavern; there is a perfect eruption of kid gloves and white neckcloths. The stewards marshal their friends in coteries, and the arrival of the chairman, half an hour after the *precise* time, is the signal to serve up the soup. Headed by the committee and stewards with long wands—part of the 'properties' of the tavern—the chairman enters from the anteroom, takes his seat at the head of the table, and the hungry guests fall to. The dinners, we are bound to say, are generally good and abundant, their character varying with the season. Nevertheless, many persons almost starve in the midst of plenty, from their diffidence in calling for dishes beyond their reach, or their inability to obtain the attentions of a waiter. A *habitué* once gave us a hint: 'I always have an excellent dinner, but then I pay a shilling more than any one else.' 'How so?' 'I get hold of a waiter near me, and shew him a shilling confidentially, with the intimation, "If you take care of me, you shall have that;" and Severn salmon, pea-fowl, ducklings and green pease, the first of the season, white-bait, plain and deviled, and other delicacies which only circulate at the top-table, find their way to me!' A piece of judicious and well-calculated liberality on the part of the committee frequently is, to send round the champagne two or three times in very tall and very thin glasses, illustrating the greatest amount of show with the smallest quantity of substance; but this pays well, combining as it does style, exhilaration, and excitement. The oratory is entirely local, and seldom finds its way beyond the room. The little booklets beside every guest's plate tell the vast amount of good the society has done, and draws a painful picture of its present state of impecuniosity. There is a generous rivalry on the part of all, in the presence of their friends and neighbours, to do the thing handsomely. Showers of blows upon the plates and the pock-pitted mahogany tables greet the reading of the list of donations. The chairman slips away as soon as he conveniently can; a few choice spirits close up the thinned ranks to have another jolly half-hour, and awake next morning with headaches, and an indistinct recollection of having put down a figure twice or three times as large as they had intended the previous morning—and so terminates the charitable festival.

Of these dinners, at which the guests average from one to three hundred, it would be difficult to say how many hundred take place in London between the months of January and July, and how many thousand pounds are subscribed; two, and sometimes three of them, take place simultaneously at the London Tavern, the resources and accommodation of which are on a very large scale; and the Freemasons and the Albion are put upon their mettle to provide for their numerous patrons. But besides the hecatombs annually immolated on the altar of benevolence, the great City companies—which have outlived the object of their original institution—give occasional signs of vitality in the shape of splendid entertainments, to which princes of the blood-royal, ministers of state, and leaders of political

parties are invited; and it is in some of these that the conservative doctrines and protective policy, now nearly as obsolete as these ancient guilds, find a harmless vent. The display of massive plate, and the princely and expensive character of these entertainments, attest the wealth and the munificent hospitality of the city of London; while they are also suggestive of the great amount of good that might be effected by a more judicious application of this wealth. The Merchant Tailors' Company, whose splendid hall is hidden in a narrow lane near the Bank—the Goldsmiths' Company, whose head-quarters are in a still narrower one, behind the General Post-office—and the Fishmongers' Company, close to London Bridge—are among the most aristocratic in their appointments, and the most extravagant in the style of their entertainments; but there are many others, a regular attendance of a few seasons at which will, in a well-conditioned man, produce a fair share of that unctuous rotundity which is one of the usual results of good living, good digestion, and a good status among the citizens of London. It is impossible for a man to tell what he can do in this way until he has tried, although without prudence he may be put *hors de combat* before he has fairly started. He must be acquainted with the considerate concession etiquette makes to turtle-soup, to which he may be helped seven times, although it is contrary to all gastronomic rule to ask for any other more than twice. He must leave a corner for 'the meat,' or green fat, which at all feasts of any pretension is served round separately afterwards; he must know the exact quantity of that pleasant but insidious stimulant which, under the name of turtle or pine punch, is administered to restore the internal balance of power; and he must be initiated in the mystery of uncovering and pledging his neighbour in 'the loving cup,' where mulled claret, cunningly spiced, creams up lovingly to the lips of the guest. He must eschew the *pièces de résistance*, and dally daintily with the lighter and more appetising morsels, reserving his strength for the closing struggle with plump partridges, fascinating pheasants, and those delicate quails, the smell of which, according to Soyer the immortal, will call back a dead man to life. The traditional *petit verre* of liqueur is said to keep game from rising; and if he has husbanded his resources, he is now in a condition to enjoy some of those rare vintages which lie buried amidst city sewers and gas-pipes, and rise, phoenix-like, to grace those festive assemblages, flowing like liquid rubies and pearls over the palate, and once more, mayhap, reappearing in considerable carbuncles, when pleasure reigns paramount, and prudence is drowned in 'potations pottle-deep.'

At the head of civic banquets stands the Lord Mayor's inaugural entertainment at the Guildhall, on the 9th of November. This is one of the most extravagant, aristocratic, unsatisfactory, and uncomfortable of all the public dinners within the sound of Bow-bells; and yet it is the one which half London looks forward to for the whole year, and the question of to be or not to be invited to which materially affects the private comfort and happiness and public position of a thousand citizens. The cost of this banquet is defrayed jointly by the new Lord Mayor and the new Sheriffs, and their popularity during their year of office greatly depends upon the extent to which they 'bleed and feed.' One of the most onerous duties of the newly-elected king of the City is the weighing and balancing the claims of those who must be invited, who ought to be invited, and who cannot be invited for want of room. Dignities, and place, and precedence, are as accurately and as jealously adjusted at the Mansion House as at the palace of St James's; and as the wives and families of the citizens are eligible to the Guildhall banquet and ball, the selection is rendered more complicated and puzzling.

The preliminary pageant of tinsel and tomfoolery is so well known, and so generally ridiculed, that we hope it may soon become matter of history. The 9th of November is certainly a great day for the City; policemen and pickpockets are paramount in the forenoon; all business is paralysed, all commerce at a stand-still, and all night long Cheapside stands aghast at the invasion of its precincts by long lines of equipages, nondescript uniforms, and curious costumes—the state paraphernalia of the representatives of all friendly powers of the New and Old World. Before the banquet, a pinchbeck pattern of a drawing-room and levee takes place at the Guildhall, the guests being all duly announced and introduced to the new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the council-chamber. The dinner takes place in the large entrance-hall, the whole expanse of which is covered with tables, in such a way as to economise space at the expense of comfort. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with the fallen star, the late Lord Mayor—who, minus his robes and chain of office, is during the night in a state of total eclipse—sit at the head of the table at the extreme east of the hall. The cabinet ministers and foreign ambassadors take the right, and the judges, sergeants, and chief city functionaries the left; and between this and the other end of the hall nearly a thousand ladies and gentlemen are packed as closely as they can sit, while an adjoining room contains the overflow of about two hundred more. The ladies are, of course, all in full-dress; and the civic authorities, ambassadors, and ministers of state, in their official costumes; while the display of red-coats among the general company would form a regiment in itself, every deputy-lieutenant, lumber-trooper, city train-band, and artillery officer flaming in scarlet, although many of them may be serving you next day in more pacific guise with thread and tape, or 'best mixed at three-and-eight.' The contract for the supplies of this host of diners is taken by one of the large City tavern-keepers, and, as a tailor would say, the style depends upon the figure. The citizens distinguish between the shabby and seedy, and the substantial and 'stunning'; and we have had striking examples of both within the last three years. As a matter of course, the great bulk of the entertainment is cold; but when, as is generally the case, the supply of hot turtle-soup is abundant, one may dine at the Guildhall banquet if he can only find elbow-room. After the cold fowl, ham, tongue, and pies, there are two smoking-hot substantial barons of beef, a supply of game, a dessert which would gladden the heart of a vegetarian, and a flood of wine enough to wash down this formidable array of dishes. The scene of gormandising—for it is literally such—lasts a couple of hours, amidst a din and clatter absolutely deafening; and before the eloquence of the evening commences, one-half the guests—that is, the five or six hundred to the left of the central passage across the hall—are utterly oblivious of everything but animal enjoyment, and neither see nor hear anything beyond their immediate neighbourhood. The fanfare of trumpets behind the Lord Mayor's chair, to apprise the guests that some one is on his legs, never reaches these remote regions, from which come every now and then peals of laughter, the crash of broken glass, and other indications of obstreperous enjoyment. It is not too much to say that not 200 of this large assemblage hear a word of what is said, or know whether it is speaking, singing, eating, or drinking, that is going on at the upper end of the hall. The orators are like the pugilists in a prize-ring: those near them watch the performance sitting; those a little further off stand up, if they would hope to hear; and behind these is a ring of guests standing on the chairs and benches; and in the centre of this oratorical cockpit, the intellectual display, which is usually brief, commonplace, and complimentary, comes off. Upon

the whole, those at the lower end of the hall, where an hour after dinner the fun waxes fast and furious, have the best of the banquet; but it is wisely ordered that the whole affair is 'short, sharp, and decisive,' for at the end of a few hours the strongest aldermanic constitutions shew signs of capitulation. Before eleven o'clock, the ladies retire to the ball-room, carriages are called up in quick succession, and lucky are the owners if they come when they are called; but the weary stars are winking in the gray dawn before the last of them leave the Guildhall yard.

To maintain the proverbial hospitality of the good city of London, the Lord Mayor is allowed £10,000, with carriages, plate, servants, and the Mansion-house, during his year of office; and in the banqueting-room, termed the Egyptian Hall, a succession of very splendid entertainments takes place throughout the season, in the course of which the church and the state, literature and the fine arts, the metropolitan and provincial municipalities, and the mayor's private friends and public supporters, are in turn invited. To do the thing handsomely, it is calculated that the Lord Mayor must spend as much out of his private fortune as he receives from the Corporation. Wo betide him, however, if he exhibits the slightest indication of parsimony or economy—it is a species of shabbiness a London citizen never forgives; and some years back a man was pointed at with unmistakable feelings of disgust and indignation, not because he had been a fraudulent bankrupt, or had committed forgery or felony, but for the more heinous crime—a suspicion of having saved money during his year of office!

If we have not surfeited our readers with all this good living, we must take them one step further. It is Saturday evening—the London Tavern is brilliantly lighted up from the basement to the banqueting-room at the top of the house. The interior wears an unusual holiday aspect. Rich carpets cover the stone-passages and staircases; ranges of pots, filled with odoriferous shrubs and plants, occupy the landings; swarms of waiters in white kid gloves are flitting about; and the drawing and reception rooms on the principal floor are a blaze of wax-lights, which are multiplied in magnificent mirrors. Guests, evidently of distinction, arrive—many of them a history in themselves, or filling a brilliant page in it—and most of them covered with orders, stars, ribbons, and other decorations, the well-earned distinctions of honourable civil or military services. Fresh-looking and fair-haired Saxons, grim and gray-headed warriors, copper-coloured Asiatics, and all the shades of black, brown, and bilious, are here assembled; for the East India Company give one of their state-banquets, a new governor-general, or a new commander-in-chief being about to be sent out, or having just returned, and all the aids of Oriental magnificence, Western wealth, and metropolitan gastronomic resources, are invoked, to do honour to the distinguished guest. The banqueting-hall is brilliant with massive gold and silver plate, and almost as costly crystal, and perfumed with rare flowers and blooming exotics, although the earliest snow-drop may not have yet budded. Every dish is a study, and its cost would feed a moderate family for a month. Hothouse grapes at eighteen shillings per pound; priceless prize pines; strawberries at a guinea a plate; green pease at ditto per pint; Johannisberger and hock; sparkling Burgundy and Moselle; magnums of curious old port, as unique in quality as extravagant in price; imperial tokay, and other foreign vintages, which rarely find their way into this country, and are fabulous in cost, are among the accessories of the banquet, which has no equal in the public or private entertainments of this or any other country. The number of guests generally averages 200, and the cost about 1000 guineas. We think we may fairly rest here upon our laurels, and challenge any country or capital in the



world to produce such substantial social statistics; and now, gentle reader, having catered thus far for your amusement and information, 'to dinner with what appetite you may.'

### FINNISH NATIONALITY AND FINNISH LITERATURE.

THE question of restoring Finland to Sweden has been repeatedly mooted during the present war—if not in the cabinet, at least in the press—and all reasonings on the subject have generally been based upon the supposition, that Finland having for upwards of seven centuries formed an integral part of Sweden, its reunion with that country could not fail to give unmixed satisfaction to both. That this would not be the case, we are by no means prepared to say; but we would suggest that certain thoughts and feelings, that have been stirring in the Finnish mind since the separation from Sweden, may present obstacles to a cordial union between the two countries which did not previously exist; and as the elements to which we allude are as interesting from the literary and philosophical point of view as they are important from the political, we would introduce them to our readers in a short sketch of the history of ancient and modern Finnish nationality and literature.

The Finns, whose name occurs so frequently in the history of the Scandinavian north, are closely allied to the Lapps, but still more closely to the Estonians. Native investigators have proved beyond a cavil that the Lapps—the Norwegian as well as the Swedish—are a side-branch of the Finnish family; that the languages of the two people are nearer akin than the Gaelic and the Irish; and that, in all probability, the Estonians and the Finns were originally one tribe, which spread itself north and south of the Gulf of Finland. Their language, as well as many other circumstances, indicate that the Finns proper, who have given their name to the country they inhabit, early attained to that degree of culture that is involved in the knowledge of agriculture and various handicrafts; but all words in the language having reference to a more advanced state of civilisation can be traced to a Swedish original, and, consequently, must have been introduced subsequent to the conquest of Finland by the Swedes, or to the latter half of the twelfth century. The language of the Finns thus contributes to the history of the gradual civilisation of the people, and shews that, previous to the Swedish conquest, though no longer in a nomadic state, they nevertheless did not constitute a political whole, under one central authority, but dwelt in villages, each of which formed a separate society under its own local authorities. It was a necessary consequence of this low stage of political development as compared with that of the conquering Swedes, as also of the great distinction between their nationality and that of the other peoples who inhabited the Scandinavian countries, that the Finnish nationality could not impress its character on the new civilisation introduced. The country was colonised by Swedes; from Sweden it received Christianity, clergy, monasteries, and, ultimately, schools and other educational institutions, as also temporal authorities—Sweden having imposed her own political constitution on the country. In a short time, Finland thus became externally transformed into a Swedish province; but the country was too extensive and too little cultivated, the population was too thinly scattered over its surface, to allow of the Swedish language and Swedish civilisation penetrating into all localities, and superseding the ancient language and utterly distinct nationality of the natives. This nationality, therefore, was not destroyed, but came to be represented by the mass of the rustic people in the

interior, who, in their isolation from the influences of the progressive civilisation of successive ages, have kept alive not only their ancient language, but also in a great measure their ancient customs and manners, and modes of thought; their traditions, superstitions, and popular poetry; and have remained strangers to the educated classes in the towns, and in those rural communities which, bordering on the sea, have been brought more into contact with the world beyond their own limits.

Thus a twofold nationality, as it were, was developed in Finland: the one clinging to the memories of the past and stagnating in its forms, the other acquiring new life by contact with modern European civilisation and literary culture; but though retaining much of its original character, undergoing considerable modifications by the adoption of a foreign and radically different idiom, the Swedish, as the organ of its mental life, while the Finnish language remained as a monument of the past, vegetating merely in the spoken idiom of the rural population; and all that was known of the original Finnish nationality, even in Sweden, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, was that the common people of Finland spoke an incomprehensible jargon, into which the Bible, hymn-books, and catechisms had to be translated, in order to be made intelligible to them. Towards the close of the last century, however, the treasures of ancient popular poetry existing in this language, and kept alive on the lips of the people by oral tradition, began to attract the attention of some Finland savans to the popular tongue and to the past life of the people, who had until then been looked upon as having no history, and possessing no monumental vestiges of the past, except a few half-forgotten traditions of struggles with their hated kinsmen the Lapps, and with their subsequent subjugators the Goths and Swedes; but after the publication of contributions to Finnish mythology by Lennquist (1782), and Ganander (1789), and a collection of popular poems or Runas by the celebrated Professor Porthan of Abo (†1804), all endeavours in this direction subsided for a time. Subsequent to 1809, however, when Finland passed from the dominion of Sweden under that of Russia, a new literary and scientific life, connected with the great change wrought in the political and governmental state of the country, was awakened, and an extraordinary interest in everything connected with the ancient history of the nation has gradually struck deep roots in the hearts of the younger generations. The forced cession of the province to Russia broke all the bonds which had been established between it and Sweden; the superinduced nationality, and the concomitant civilisation, with its Swedish forms, were separated from the parent-stock, and joined to a country alien in language, literature, and nationality to both divisions of the Finnish nation. At the same time, however, a reunion was effected with those parts of the country which had at various periods been dissevered from it by Russian conquest; and the feelings of the educated classes, flattered by the more important character thus acquired by their country, yet deeply wounded by the separation from Sweden, now sought in the primitive source of the national consciousness and mental activity of the people an incitement to national progress, which they might cultivate without giving umbrage to their new masters. Far from being displeased at this awakening enthusiasm for the original Finnish nationality, the Russian government followed up its wise policy of giving a more extended national unity to the Finnish people, by allowing them a certain degree of self-government, and encouraging in every way the culture of the popular idiom, which was introduced as the medium of instruction in the popular schools; and assisted by the government, and literary associations formed for the purpose, much of the talent of the country has since then been exerted in endeavours to collect and

throw light upon all matters connected with the ancient language, traditions, and poetry of the people.

The first-fruits of these endeavours was a collection of Finnish Runas, of more or less ancient date, published in 1822 by Dr Topelius, whose earnest investigations led him into localities never before visited for such purposes, and where he discovered the popular poetry of the Finns preserved in greater purity than in any other part of the country; this locality being a few parishes in the government of Archangel, beyond the limits of Finland proper, and where the manners and customs of the people seem to have undergone no change since the earliest times. Guided by Topelius, Dr Elias Lönnrot, the most enthusiastic and indefatigable of all the friends of ancient Finnish nationality, pushed his investigations further in the same direction, and in the course of his travels among the Finns and Carélians in Russia, succeeded in collecting thirty-two songs, forming part of a mythic epos about the Finnish Orpheus, Wainämöinen, the god of song, and his adventures with the smith Ilmarinen at Pojolak. Having brought them together in as perfect an epic connection as possible, Lönnrot published the songs in Helsingfors in 1835, in the original language, and under the name of *Kalevala*. Translations of some of these songs appeared soon after in the *Helsingfors Morgenblad*; and in 1841, a prize offered by the Finnish Literary Association of Helsingfors, called forth a very happy Swedish translation of the whole poem by M. A. Castrén, which attracted the attention of other European nations also to the popular poetry of Finland. Castrén's translation was accompanied by critical notes, in which he confirms the opinion previously expressed by Lönnrot, that the songs were composed at various periods, and by different Runasingers, as these popular poets are called. It must not, however, be inferred from this, that the *Kalevala* is no more than a collection of disconnected fragments, for an epic connection prevails in several of its parts, and the absence of complete continuity is most probably owing to flaws in the collection. As regards its contents and character, it is entirely mythic, and possesses not a particle of the historical colouring or the heroic spirit that pervades the poems attributed to Homer, or which we find in the *Lay of the Niebelungen*, or in the poem of *Beowulf*. If there be any historical elements in the Finnish myth, they are completely concealed under the grotesque creations of fancy; and witchcraft and sorcery play so prominent a part in the songs of the *Kalevala*, that we readily recognise in its authors the same belief in beings endowed with supernatural gifts, and with an unlimited power of metamorphosis, which is a leading feature in the superstitions of all tribes belonging to the Finnish race. In many of the lyrical poems or Runas of the Finns, the same characteristics prevail, but not by any means in all; these poems, on the contrary, bear, as a general rule, the impress of a deep but gentle melancholy, being mostly expressive of sorrow, of unsatisfied longing, of a feeling of solitude, of mental sufferings of various kind; while the joyous feelings that find their way into them never exceed the tranquil expression of happy love, or some other inward harmony. A native author observes, in reference to one of these ancient lyrics, in which a young maiden says that 'she has a girdle of bad days, and a veil of the web of sorrow,' that the whole collection of Finnish songs might be termed a web of sorrow; that at least the web is spun of sorrow, though the warp may be sometimes of a brighter hue. This tone of sadness is not indeed foreign to the popular poetry of any part of the north, and it rules almost exclusively in the popular ballads of Sweden and Denmark; but here it is the substance, if we may so term it, of the poem that is tragical, and the sadness is objective; whereas in the Finnish lyrics it is subjective, and expressive of the mood of the poet.

Upon the whole, the popular ballads of the Finns differ from those of the Scandinavians in the same degree as the Scandinavian myths differ from the Finnish, and as the nations of the Ural and Altai differ from the Caucasian-Gothic races. In the Swedish and Danish ballads, the events, the representation of character, the action of the will in the outward world, play the principal part; the Finnish Runas, on the contrary, more true to the lyrical character, give expression to the inward life of man: their tones are drawn from the chords of the soul, and take their character from the moods of the feelings. In delicacy and purity, in innocence and gentleness of expression, they are greatly superior to the Scandinavian ballads; and the latter, in their epic uniformity, are devoid of the variety and diversity which characterise the Finnish lyrics. In these are mirrored, as in a glass, the country—so rich in forests and lakes, so smiling, so easily cultivated, yet so barren, so solitary, so thinly populated; the idyllic-tranquil, friendly, gentle character of the people; of a nationality illuminated by no historic splendours, glorying in no historic past.

In addition to the *Kalevala*, the admirers of ancient Finnish literature are further indebted to Dr Lönnrot for three volumes, published in 1841 under the name of *Kanteletar* (Harp-songs from Kantelä, the stringed instrument of the country), and containing 652 ancient Runas or songs; for a volume of Finnish proverbs, published in 1842, and containing 7000 proverbs; and further, for a collection of Finnish and Estonian riddles—1648 of the former, and 135 of the latter—published in 1845; all of these materials having been collected by him in the course of travels undertaken at the expense of the Literary Association of Helsingfors. Not content with his zealous endeavours in this direction to promote the restoration and the culture of the ancient language of the country, Lönnrot further published a number of treatises on various subjects in this idiom, and thus laid the foundations of a written Finnish language—an idea which has been enthusiastically hailed and adopted by many of his countrymen. In 1826, already Professor Rennevald had published a Finnish dictionary (*Suomalainen Sana-Kirja*), but embracing only the West-Finnish dialect—the so-called Bible-Finnish—the only one which until then had been used in writing, but which was neither grammatically nor lexically correct. Departing from this precedent, Lönnrot—who maintained the principle that the language of the people, such as it appears in their traditional poetry and in their speech, ought to furnish the rules for a future written language—set earnestly about purifying and emancipating his style from the Swedish forms and intermixtures which abounded in the Bible-Finnish; and in his numerous writings he has laid the foundations of a form of language which, though based upon the West-Finnish as one of the principal dialects of the country, does not exclude the purer, richer, and more elegant East-Finnish dialect. The Literary Association of Helsingfors was zealously seconded the endeavours to promote the development of a Finnish prose literature by the publication of various popular works; and the interest felt for the Finnish question has been further proved by the foundation in Wiborg of a Literary Association, with the same views and objects as that of Helsingfors, and by the appearance of several native authors, who have published works in the Finnish language independently of the literary societies. In connection herewith, we may observe the poetical vein is by no means extinct among the people of Finland, and that popular poems, similar in form and contents to the ancient songs, are still composed in the remote parts of the country, and are spread thence by verbal transmission to a larger or smaller circle, according to the degree of popularity they enjoy. One of the popular poets of our day has become known by name to fame, and his lyrics have

been published by the Helsingfors Society under the title of *Runar by Kohornen*.

Among the many prizes offered by the Literary Association of Helsingfors was one, in 1846, for a complete grammar of the Finnish language, but as far as we are aware, this desideratum has not yet been obtained; but the society has been enabled to publish a complete and critical dictionary of the Finnish language, comprising all the principal dialects, which will prove of the utmost interest and importance to all those who may wish to study this language, remarkable for its antiquity, for its unmixed purity, for its harmony of sound and structure, and on account of the absence in its organism of all modern influences.

The great Danish linguist, Rask, declares the Finnish language to be the most original, the most regular, most flexible, and most musical of all existing languages; yet when we remember that it is only within the last twenty years that this language has entered into the mental sphere of European civilisation, and that for eight centuries Finland has received its mental culture from or through Sweden, we cannot participate in the hopes of those who, overlooking the natural and social obstacles that must impede the realisation of such an idea, dream of the ancient Finnish language and a new Finnish literature entirely superseding the Swedish language and literature in Finland. And indeed we think that, in spite of the ardent enthusiasm for ancient Finnish nationality that characterises a great proportion of Young Finland, soberer thoughts will one day prevail, and the nation will feel that to sacrifice a language, the bearer of many centuries of progressive civilisation, for one that has hitherto only been the organ of a population sunk in a state of rude barbarism, will be to sacrifice a reality to a dream; and they will learn to rest satisfied with that modification of a distinct Finnish nationality which, in spite of the Swedish language that is the bearer of their thoughts, is unmistakably evinced in the works of their best poets—such as Franzen in the last century, and Runeberg in the present.

#### AHASUERUS, THE SHOEMAKER OF JERUSALEM.

EVERY one has heard of the Wandering Jew, but the particulars of the legend may not be quite so well known. There are several versions of it. Matthew Paris, monk of St Albans, reports one which was current in the East during the thirteenth century. It runs thus:—“This year (1229) an Armenian archbishop came to England, to visit the relics of saints and venerable places, even as he had done in other countries. He bore letters of recommendation from our lord the pope to the religious and prelates of this kingdom. Having repaired to St Albans, to offer up prayers at the shrine of the English proto-martyr, he was received with honour by the abbot and the convent. In the course of his sojourn here, he inquired particularly of his hosts concerning the rites and usages of England; and in return he related to them many traditions of his own country. He was questioned, among other things, about that famous Joseph who has caused so much talk among men—that Joseph who was present at the Passion of Christ, and who yet exists as a living witness of the Christian faith. He was asked if he had ever seen him, or heard anything of him. An officer of the archbishop's suite—his interpreter, a native of Antioch, who was known to Henry Spigurnel, one of the lord abbot's servants—replied in the French language, that his master knew this man perfectly, and that he had even entertained him at his own table a little time previous to his departure for the West. The Armenian's story as to what passed between Joseph and our Saviour is as

follows:—When Jesus was borne along by the Jews from the prætorium to the place of crucifixion, Cartaphilus, one of Pontius Pilate's doorkeepers, pushed him sharply behind, saying in a contemptuous voice: “Walk faster, Jesus, why dost thou tarry?” Then answered the Christ with a severe and sorrowful look: “I walk as it is written, and I shall rest ere long, but thou shalt walk until my coming.” At the time of the Passion, Cartaphilus was thirty years of age. Whenever he attains his fiftieth year, he falls into a kind of ecstasy, from which he awakes restored again to youth. He was converted to the Christian faith, and baptised by Ananias, the same who baptised Paul, receiving in baptism the name of Joseph. He resides generally in Armenia. His conversation is pious and edifying. The bishops are his chief associates. He talks but little, and only when his society is sought by high dignitaries of the church, and by holy persons; then he gives curious details respecting the Passion and resurrection of Christ, &c.

The Western tradition is somewhat different from the above, and it is supposed by some to be more ancient, although we know not upon what grounds. This version supposes the Jew to have been a shoemaker at Jerusalem, named Ahasuerus, and that after his baptism he received the name of Buttadaeus. Here is the veritable legend, as contained in a letter written in 1618 by Chrysostomus Duduleus of Westphalia to one of his friends at Revel: “In the year 1547, M. Paulus von Eitzen, doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and bishop of Schleswig, was attending service in a church at Hamburg one Sunday during winter, when he saw, most miserably clad, that old Jew who has wandered through the world ever since the passion of Christ. He appeared about fifty years old, tall in stature, with long hair hanging over his shoulders. He remained during the sermon, and listened thereto with much devotion. On leaving the church, the doctor entered into conversation with him. The Jew informed him modestly that he was born at Jerusalem, where he exercised the trade of a shoemaker; that his name was Ahasuerus; and that he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ. Afterwards he talked of the Apostles. Then he added, that Christ, wishing to rest against the wall of his house, on account of the heavy weight of the cross, he had repulsed him rudely, and bade him go his way, when our Lord made the reply which is so well known. This Jew was very quiet and discreet in his manner. He happened to hear any one blaspheme, he exclaimed with a sigh, and in a deep anguish: “Oh, unhappy man, why dost thou thus abuse the name of God, and of his cruel martyrdom? If thou hadst seen, as I did, how heavy and how bitter was the agony of Christ, for thine own sake and for mine, thou wouldst rather suffer the greatest evils than blaspheme His holy name!” When money was offered to him, he never took more than two shillings, and of that even he gave a part to the poor, declaring that his own wants were ever well supplied by God. He was never known to laugh. Wherever he journeyed, he always spoke the language of the country; thus at this time he expressed himself in very good Saxon. There are many people of quality who have seen this Jew in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries; as also in Germany, at Rostock, Weimar, Dantzic, and Königsberg. In the year 1575, two ambassadors of Holstein, and particularly the secretary, Christopher Kraus, met him at Madrid, ever the same in figure, age, manners, and costume. In the year 1599, he was at Vienna, and in 1601 at Lubeck. Many persons also saw and conversed with him in the year 1616, in Livonia, at Cracow, and at Moscow.”

Such is the legend of “Der Ewige Jude”—*The Everlasting Jew*. Like the story of St Veronica, it is supposed to have had its origin about the com-



ment of the fourth century; and it must have profoundly impressed the heart of the people, since it survived the times of Luther and Melancthon, and was even received as an article of belief by the dissenting communions. What, indeed, could affect the imagination more powerfully, than the thought of this lonely man, dowered with an immortality of woe, and condemned to wander from clime to clime through countless ages, seeking rest and finding none; and more wretched in the silence of his deep despair than all the thousands of his fellow-men who have lived since the world began, because

The power to die disproves the right to grieve!

He has passed, 'like a shadow, from land to land,' with the 'pressure of God's infinite upon his finite soul.' His memory stretches far back, 'down the long generations,' embracing everything of pathos and sublimity in the history of the crucified Christ, whose last reproachful look still haunts his agonised soul. None can ever share in his undying grief, and therefore he must always dwell in a deep solitude of heart and soul, which no human sympathies can soothe. The beautiful, the great, the wise, the good, pass over into the 'silent land;' but still the Everlasting Jew shall pursue his 'pilgrimage of woe,' until Time itself shall be no more, and of all earth's countless tribes he only shall be left, in solitary grandeur, to chant the death-song of creation.

A fiction so sublime would naturally attract much attention and interest. At first, it passed merely from mouth to mouth; then it became incorporated in unpretending ballads, and in simple village story-books, such as, *L'Histoire véritable du Juif errant, qui depuis l'an 33 jusqu'à l'heure présente ne fait que marcher*; and, lastly, men of genius were fascinated by its mystic grace, and sought therein the subject of drama, and romance, and song. Goethe had the idea of founding an epic on this legend, and in the plan he has left of it in his Memoirs, he tells us that he intended to have depicted the 'shoemaker of Jerusalem' with the careless *enjoué* humour of old Hans Sachs. In so doing, he would certainly have been obliged to sacrifice much of the peculiar charm which attaches to the history of the Wandering Jew, as the prey of an eternal sorrow. Another German poet, Christian Frederic Daniell Schubart, commenced a poem on the same subject. He has entitled his fragment *A Lyrical Rhapsody*. It embodies that most affecting portion of the Jew's history—his continual but unavailing efforts to escape from the burden of existence.

M. Edgar Quinet has certainly shewn that he appreciates the true spirit of this wondrous fable, for we believe he is the first writer who has ever thought of considering the Wandering Jew as the type of humanity itself, as the 'incarnated symbol of modern life, the personification of the human race since the Christian era.' His book is called *Ahasvérus, a Mystery*; and, indeed, it could scarcely come within the domain of art in any other form.\* A story like that of the Everlasting Jew, which extends through all climes and ages, cannot well be subject to any rigid artistic rules, or to the undeviating requirements of the poetical unities. The plan of the ancient *Mysteries*, therefore, adopted by Calderon in his *Autos Sacramentales*, was the only one suited to M. Quinet's purpose, for in these compositions 'anachronism is the law.' We are told that when this prose poem of *Ahasvérus* first appeared, it created a 'profound sensation.' People either relentlessly denounced it, or praised it to extravagance. Perhaps the most brilliant critique thereon will be found in a volume of literary miscellanies by M. Magnin. It was first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under

the title of the *Nature of the Poetic Genius*. Speaking of M. Quinet, the reviewer remarks: 'He interrogates the soul of the ocean, the thought of the stars, the song of the flowers, the silence of the desert, with as much love as the spirit of races, the voice of the ages, the murmurs of the crowd, the thought of the cathedrals. It is his vocation to decipher the grand characters which the finger of the Eternal has imprinted upon all things, and to interpret in poetic vibrations the secret music which the world breathes out from all its elements, and from all its creatures.'

The scene of the prologue is in Heaven. Our earth has ceased to exist. Another and a fairer world is about to be created. But before engaging in this new work, the Divine Being orders his angels to represent before his eternal throne the history of the Ages—the grand drama of the Past. The 'first day' is called the 'Creation.' This title is not comprehensive enough, because this section of the poem embraces the annals of the world down to the period of Christ's advent, in addition to the story of the primeval earth. M. Quinet's personifications of natural objects are bold in the extreme. He endows the ocean, the desert, the flowers of the field, and the monsters of the deep, with a soul and an articulate voice. The most interesting portion of the first act—if we may so term it—will be found towards the close. The *dramatis personæ* comprise the River Euphrates, the Moon, the Stars, and a Desert Flower—sister to the voice of the latter.

*A Flower of the Desert of Syria.* My head bends beneath the light of stars. My chalice is surcharged with dew, even as a heart is o'erburdened with a secret it wishes to repeat. In the night, my flower has been darkened with blood-coloured stains, like the robe of a Levite on the day of sacrifice. The murmur of the stars has dropped into my chalice, and mingled with my perfume. I bear a secret in my chalice—the secret of the universe, which it whispered in a dream during the night, and I have no voice to give it utterance. Ah! tell me which is the nearest city. Is it Jerusalem, or Babylon? Let the passers-by come and gather the mystery that weighs down my crown, and causes my head to droop.

*The River Euphrates.* Flower of the Desert, bend thy head still lower over my bosom, that I may the better hear thy murmurs. I will carry thee dancing from billow to billow, as far as the walls of Babylon. Tell me thy secret, I will bear it upon silvery waves, even unto the foot of the Chaldean towers.

*Inhabitants of Babylon on the house-tops.* See how the Euphrates sparkles to-night amid its willows, like the blade of a poniard fallen from a festal board. Its murmurs would be no sweeter if its waters rolled over sacred vessels of silver and of gold.

*A Slave.* Or if a whole people, bending o'er its shores, had poured therein the passion of their tears.

*A King.* Or if an empire, with the tiaras of its priests and the purple of its kings, and with its glittering gods, had been buried in its depths for a thousand years, like a blossom amid the waters.

A chorus of Sphinxes, relating the history of the fabulous Ages, succeeds to the murmur of the Waves, and the whisper of the Desert Flower. Presently the voices of Thebes, Nineveh, Persepolis, Palmyra, and Babylon, are joined therewith; Jerusalem at last gives utterance to the startling news of the Christ-child's birth; Angels sing their songs of triumphant joy amid the Shepherds of Bethlehem; the Kings of the East come from afar, and offer gifts at the infant shrine; a new era commences in the annals of the universe—and so the 'first day' ends. It is followed by a kind of interlude—a dance of demons.

The second act is the 'Passion.' It opens with a lamentation of the Desert. In the next scene, we are conducted to Jerusalem; Christ is on the road to the Hill of Calvary, amid the tumult of an angry people.

\* *Ahasvérus*. Par Edgar Quinet. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1843.

Here we are introduced for the first time to Ahasuerus, who stands as an onlooker at the door of his dwelling.

*Christ.* Is it thou, Ahasuerus?

*Ahasuerus.* I do not know thee.

*C.* I am thirsty. Give me a little water from thy well.

*A.* My well is empty.

*C.* Take thy cup, and thou shalt find it full.

*A.* My cup is broken.

*C.* Help me to carry my cross on this rugged path.

*A.* I am not thy cross-bearer! Call a griffin from the desert!

*C.* Permit me to rest upon the bench at the door of thy dwelling.

*A.* My bench is occupied; there is no room for any one.

*C.* If thou wouldst, thy bench should become a golden throne at the portal of my father's house.

*A.* Go! blaspheme where thou wilt. Already thou hast caused my vine and fig-tree to wither. Thou seekest to bewitch me!

*C.* I wished to save thee.

*A.* Magician, darken not my path! The road is before thee. Go thy way!

*C.* Why hast thou said it, O Ahasuerus? It is thou who shalt walk during more than a thousand years—even until the Last Judgment. Take thy sandals and thy pilgrim garb. Wherever thou mayest journey, men shall call thee THE WANDERING JEW. It is thou who shalt find no place of rest, no mountain-source to quench thy thirst. In my stead, thou shalt bear the burden I am about to leave upon the cross. For thy thirst, thou shalt drink the dregs that will be left in the bottom of my chalice. Others will take my tunic, but thou shalt inherit my eternal sorrow. . . . As for me, I go to Golgotha, but thou shalt wander on from ruin to ruin, from kingdom to kingdom, unable to attain thy Calvary. . . . The portal of the city shall say to thee: 'Further yet, my bench is occupied!' When thou wouldst rest by the side of the river, it shall cry out: 'Further yet, further yet, even unto the sea; my shores for thee are thickest with thorns!' And the sea also shall exclaim: 'Further yet, further yet! Art thou not that eternal pilgrim, who wanders ever from people to people, from age to age, drinking the cup of tears, sleeping neither by night nor day, and who yet cannot choose but pursue his onward path.'

Ahasuerus is struck with a vague mysterious terror. On turning to enter his house, he finds an Angel of Doom keeping guard at the threshold. He obtains permission to take leave of his father, his sister, and his little brothers; and then, in the depth of a shadowy night, he is compelled to set out on his eternal pilgrimage. He journeys westward, with the despair of ages already at his heart. We next behold him in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where he seeks repose; but in vain. Towards him, the accursed one, Nature, forgets her 'silent magnanimity,' repulsing him with cruel scorn:

*Ahasuerus.* At least, let me rest here until to-morrow.

*Echo.* Further on, further on—far as the sea.

*A.* Give unto me, as to the dead, a little water from the fountain of the Arabs.

*E.* My well is empty.

*A.* And thy cup?

*E.* It is broken.

*A.* Give me a little of thy cooling shade?

*E.* Magician, darken not my path. Go thy way!

*A.* Truly this mountain-voice is an echo of the voice of Golgotha.

*E.* Yea, of Golgotha.

The 'third day' bears the sombre title of 'La Mort.' Death is represented under the figure of an old woman, called *Moh*. Rachel, her servant, was formerly an angel of God; but when the Wandering Jew received his pilgrim-sentence, she forgot the divine in pity for

the human, and so she forfeited the joys of heaven. Rachel, says M. Magnin, is the earthly type of 'ideal love, of eternal faith;' the 'hope that consoles, the love that heals.' She is the 'complement of Ahasuerus.' The Jew comes before Rachel in the character of a pilgrim from Palestine:

*Rachel.* You are a baron, returning from the Holy Land? *Ahasuerus.* Yes, my child; I come from that country.

*R.* How is it that you have brought with you neither falcons on your wrist, nor relics of ivory, nor scallop-shell, nor dates, nor golden sand?

*A.* I have brought with me more memories than I wished. My burden was heavy. I could not add thereto.

*R.* Oh, you ought to have brought with you a piece of the wood of the true cross. The memory is not sufficient.

. . . . And Monseigneur has seen the Hill of Calvary?

*A.* Beneath an angry sky, and a blood-stained cloud.

*R.* And you have gathered flowers in the Garden of Olives?

*A.* When they were bathed with the tears of the stars, when they were soiled in the dust, like a parted tunic.

*R.* Oh, the happy seigneur who has seen all this—who has kissed with his lips the stone of the sepulchre. Tell me, what is heard at eventide in those leafy bowers?

*A.* A name—ever the same—the name of an eternal pilgrim, that every leaf murmurs with a groan.

*R.* It must be a joy for one's whole life to have seen what you have. Now you can die content when old age comes. . . . At the foot of the olive-trees were there not kneeling angels, singing hymns from golden books?

*A.* No! There were vultures, that screamed above my head; and owls, whose wings fluttered o'er my cheeks. (*Aside.*) Mercy! Mercy!

*R.* Were there not little children, glory-crowned, with hands meekly folded, who said, ever smiling: 'My father, my father!'

*A.* No! There were vipers, that hissed beneath my feet. There was a voice from the waves, that cried: 'Accursed! accursed!'

*R.* I understand. You are a holy man. Let me kiss your feet.

The story of Rachel's love is perhaps the best portion of the whole book. The curse weighs less heavily upon poor Ahasuerus, now that he has discovered this fountain of a deep and true affection. It is like a dream of the Holy Paradise brightening the dark clouds of earth's despair. And yet this transitory gleam of happiness is strangely troubled. There is no grand repose therein; all is tumult and excitement. The cruel and relentless mob is ever at hand, to dash the cup of blessing from the lips of the devoted pair. She conducts the betrothed to the cathedral of Strasburg, where, amid the terrors of a stormy eve, the ghost of Pope Gregory rises by the altar to perform the marriage-ceremony. But Ahasuerus is unable to pronounce his name! A voice, too well remembered, thunders it forth; and again, in that solemn temple, the anathema of Calvary is renewed. Nevertheless, 'love that conquers all things' is once more triumphant; and Rachel's cry for mercy strikes at the very gate of heaven.

This scene is followed by an interlude, in which the poet stands before us *in propria persona*, chanting a mournful dirge over the hopes and faiths and buried loves of yore.

The 'fourth day' is the 'Last Judgment.' All the world has received the sentence of good or evil; and, finally, Ahasuerus and Rachel appear before the bar of the Divine Being. The Jew has drained the bitter chalice to the dregs, and now he hears for the first time the voice of pardoning mercy, which informs him that henceforth, if he will, the benediction of a sweet repose shall be his. But no; he demands 'life, not rest.' He would commence a nobler pilgrimage, and so



would wander on untiringly, from world to world, until finally he attains the everlasting source of the infinite and the divine. 'And I,' exclaims Rachel, 'would follow him.' Then, in solemn accents, we hear the sentence of the approving Judge:

That voice has saved thee, Ahasuerus. I bless thee, O pilgrim of worlds to come, and the second Adam. Render back to me the burden of thy earthly sorrows. . . . Instead of the pilgrim-staff, bear in thy hand a starry palm. The dew of heaven shall nourish thee better than the fountain of the desert. The universe shall follow in thy track. . . . Wander on, therefore, from life to life, from world to world, from one divine city to another, from circle to circle; and when, finally, thou shalt have arrived at the infinite centre, whence all things proceed, and where gravitate souls, and years, and peoples, and stars, thou shalt cry to the stars, to the people, to the universe, if they flag on the upward journey: 'Onwards! ever onwards. It is here!'

Now, if the *Mystery of Ahasuerus* had ended here, depicting the arduous course of humanity—pilgrim and aspirant—all had been well. M. Quinet, however, favours us with a very gloomy epilogue, which really reads like the apotheosis of despair; and yet this is not its meaning. We presume the author intended to prefigure the 'eclipse of faith' in these latter times beneath the clouds of doubt and unbelief. But why is not this clearly set forth? Why does not *Ahasuerus* close with a song of hope and gladness, instead of a wail of solitary woe? M. Quinet's poem reminds us, in a certain sense, of the desolate night of Jean Paul's *Dream of the Dead Christ*, without its succeeding dawn of divine peace, and light, and joy. 'The march of mind is still,' says Philip James Bailey; but here all is storm, and hurry, and excitement. Some of the author's contemporaries have termed *Ahasuerus* an 'epic drama,' a 'grand fresco,' and so forth. It is, however, sadly deficient in the informing soul of a high purpose, and in the fair harmony of proportions which ought to characterise an enduring work. Its general tone is decidedly unhealthy; for it gives us the cloud instead of the sunshine, the silence of a deep despair instead of the rejoicing anthems of an immortal hope.

#### THE MOST POPULAR PLANT IN THE WORLD.

SOME of our readers may not be prepared for the fact, that tobacco, though not food either for man or beast, is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions, and, next to salt, the most generally consumed of all productions whatever—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on the face of the globe. In one form or other, but most commonly in that of fume or smoke, it is partaken of 'by saint, by savage, and by sage:' there is no climate, from the equator to the pole, in which it is not used; there is no nation that has declined adopting it. Europeans—except in the extreme East—are allowed to be the most moderate consumers, in consequence of its being with them generally an article of import and of heavy taxation; while their form of civilisation agrees to refuse the luxury to the gentler sex. And among Europeans, our own nation figures as one of the lowest in proportion to the population; yet the official returns prove that the consumption here is on an average 16·86 ounces, or considerably more than a poundweight to every man, woman, and child throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, this consumption is greatly on the increase. Between the years 1821 and 1831, the increase was at the rate of about one ounce per head; during the next ten years, it was

somewhat less than an ounce; but from 1841 to 1851, it was three ounces; making an increase of nearly 44 per cent. in proportion to the population within the last thirty years. In Denmark, exclusive of the duchies, the average consumption in 1851 was nearly seventy ounces per head. But this is nothing to what is used in warm countries, where tobacco is grown with facility, and free from taxation. Mr Crawford, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts,\* had occasion to remark its prevalence in Further India during his missions in 1821 and 1826. He says: 'The practice of smoking obtains universally amongst the Burmans of all ranks, of both sexes, and of almost all ages; for I have seen children scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it.' And again: 'Among the Siamese the use of tobacco has become universal; they chew it in moderate quantities, but smoke it perpetually. A Siamese is seldom to be seen without a cigar in his mouth, or stuck behind his ear ready for use.' Mr Crawford adds: 'As a matter of curiosity, I shall attempt to estimate the total annual production of tobacco—a plant, the consumption of which 360 years ago was confined to the scanty population of the continent of America, and which was unquestionably unknown in every age to the people of the Old World. If the population of the earth be taken at 1000 millions, and the consumption reckoned as equal to that of the kingdom of Denmark, or seventy ounces a head, the produce of the whole world will amount to near two millions of tons (1,953,125) a year. Seventy ounces a head, of course, far exceeds the average consumption of Europe, in most of the countries of which tobacco, as before stated, is heavily taxed. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that it falls far short of the consumption of Asia, containing the majority of mankind, where women and children smoke as well as men, and where the article is moreover untaxed.' The value of the quantity thus reckoned, at twopence a pound, amounts to above L.36,000,000 sterling. One cause, no doubt, of the rapid diffusion of this luxury, is found in the wide geographical bounds within which it can be raised. It is grown without difficulty from the equator to the 50th degree of latitude, the finest qualities preferring the region between the 15th and the 35th.

It is now generally admitted, that all the species—about forty in number—are natives of America, and that it was utterly unknown to the Old World before the time of Columbus, who found it in use among the inhabitants of Cuba and St Domingo, as Cortes did among the Mexicans. Either of these individuals may have introduced it into Spain; but there is no record of the exact time when it first became known there. In 1560, Jean Nicot, an agent of the king of France, procured some seeds at Lisbon, transmitted them to his own country, and obtained the honour of giving the plant the generic name, *Nicotiana*, by which it is known to science. It is believed that its first introduction to England was by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586—that is, not till nearly a century after the discovery of the New World. It was received with the highest enthusiasm; and the practice of smoking increased and prevailed so rapidly, that in the short period of thirty years from its first

\* Paper on the History and Consumption of Tobacco, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for March 1853.

introduction, our fathers had, it would seem, become the greatest smokers in Christendom. So we gather from the celebrated *Counterblast*, written by no less a personage than King James, and published among his other works in 1616. As this work is, from its rarity, inaccessible to the general reader, we quote a sentence or two, indicative of the extent of the practice of smoking, and the wrath of the monarch against it.

'Now,' says the king, after alluding to the 'barbarous Indians' as the inventors of the practice, 'to the corrupted baseness of the first use of this tobacco doeth very well agree the foolish and groundlesse first entry thereof into this kingdom. It is not so long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this present age cannot yet very well remember both the first author, and the forme of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctour of phisicke.' His majesty is understood to refer to Raleigh, and to stigmatise him as being neither king, conqueror, nor doctor.

And again: 'How you are, by this custome, disabled in your goods, let the gentry of this land bear witness, some of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke, which, I am sure, might be bestowed upon many far better uses. . . . And for the vanities committed in this filthy custome, is it not both great vanitie and uncleannesse that at the table, a place of respect, of cleannesse, of modestie, men should not be ashamed to sit tossing of tobacco-pipes, and puffing of the smoke of tobacco, one to another, making the filthy smoke and stinke thereof to exhale athwart the dishes and infest the aire, when, very often, men that abhor it are at the repast? Surely smoke becomes a kitchen farre better than a dining-chamber; and yet it makes a kitchen also oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soying and infesting them with an unctuous and oily kind of soote, as hath been found in great tobacco-takers that after their death were opened. . . . And not onely meate-time, but no other time nor action is exempted from the publicke use of this uncivillic tricke. . . . Moreover, which is a great iniquitie, and against all humanity, the husband shall not be ashamed to reduce thereby his delicate, wholesome, and cleane-complexioned wife to that extremity that either she must also corrupt her sweet breath therewith, or else resolve to live in a perpetual stinking torment.'

In conclusion his majesty says: 'Have you not reason, then, to be ashamed, and to forebare this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourselves both in persons and goods, and raking also thereby the markes and rites of vanity upon you by the custome thereof, making yourselves to be wondered at by all forrein civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you, to be scorned and contemned. A custome loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse.'

The royal expostulation, as it would seem, prevailed little against the fascinations of tobacco-smoke: the consumption in England continued to increase; the very colony which the king himself countenanced in Virginia became the chief source of supply; nay, the noxious herb was raised in England with some success, in spite of the direct prohibitions of this monarch and his successor, Charles I. It needed the strong arm of Cromwell wholly and effectually to suppress the cultivation, since which it has been entirely an object of

foreign commerce—a source of considerable revenue to the government, from the heavy duty, and the great staple of contraband trade for the same reason.

Those who, in our days, are viewing with alarm the progress it is making in public favour, have felt obliged to adopt a different strain, addressing themselves to our reason by the scientific demonstration of its noxious tendencies. Professor Johnston, for instance, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, has furnished an analysis of its constituent parts. These, he says, are three in number—a volatile oil, a volatile alkali, and an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil has the smell of tobacco, and a bitter taste, producing on the mouth and throat a sensation similar to that which arises from the smoke. Applied to the nostrils, it provokes sneezing; and taken inwardly, gives rise to giddiness and sickness. The volatile alkali has besides the smell, an acrid, burning, and long persistent tobacco taste, is narcotic; and as a poison, scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog. So irritating is the vapour of this substance, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where one drop of it has been evaporated. And this, by the way, reminds us of the trial and execution of the Comte de Bocarmé at Mons, for poisoning his brother-in-law with nicotine, and the sensation which the case produced. Well: as a hundred poundweights of dry tobacco yield about seven pounds of nicotine, it follows that in smoking a hundred grains, or about a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, there may be imbibed two grains or more of this nicotine, one of the most subtle of all known poisons. The empyreumatic oil has similarly acrid, narcotic, and poisonous qualities. One drop of it applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and death followed in two minutes. The Hottentots are said to destroy snakes in this way. They put a drop of this oil on the tongue of the reptile, and it dies as instantaneously as if struck by the electric fluid.

Mr Johnston proceeds to shew, that the cigar, especially if smoked to the end, discharges into the mouth everything that is produced by the combustion; that the more rapidly the leaf burns and the smoke is inhaled, the greater is the quantity of poisonous matter imbibed; and that, finally, when the saliva is retained, the nervous system of the smoker receives the fullest effect of all the three narcotic ingredients of the smoke. It is thus accounted for that the short cutty has come into favour among inveterate smokers; any other pipe would be tame and tasteless after a strong cigar.

The chewer of tobacco, it is shewn, escapes the action of the poisonous oil which is produced in the combustion of the leaf; and the drug of the snuffer is still milder than that of the chewer. A large proportion of the nicotine escapes, or is decomposed, in the fermentation to which the tobacco is twice exposed in making snuff, and the drying or roasting carries off an additional portion, and also some of the natural volatile oil; so that even the rapses, which are generally made from the strongest leaf, containing 5 or 6 per cent. of nicotine, retain only 2 per cent. when the manufacture is complete.

Professor Lizars, of Edinburgh,\* has followed up these scientific expositions by some practical observations. He proves, by indisputable facts, some of which have come under his own notice, that excessive smoking produces the most direful consequences, both locally and constitutionally. Locally, by occasioning cancerous ulcerations about the mouth; and constitutionally, by inducing, among other effects, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, disease of the liver, congestion of the brain, loss of memory, amaurosis, generally confined to one eye, apoplexy, palsy, and even mania.

'When a youth commences his apprenticeship to

\* On the Use and Abuse of Tobacco. By John Lizars. Edinburgh: W. H. Lizars.

smoking tobacco,' says Mr Lizars, 'he suffers often the most inconceivably miserable sickness and vomiting—almost as bad as sea-sickness. It generally produces these effects so rapidly, that their production must entirely depend on nervous influence, as giddiness is almost immediately induced. The antidote or cure for this miserable condition is drinking strong coffee or brandy and water, and retiring to bed or sofa. If he perseveres, he has just to suffer onwards, until his nervous system becomes habituated to the noxious weed, and too often to the bottle at the same time. It is truly melancholy to witness the great number of the young who smoke now-a-days; and it is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth, and enfeebled in their minds, before they arrive at manhood.'

We must refer the reader who is in bondage to this custom to the pamphlet itself, as some of the more startling facts are not suitable for the general public. Two cases only we shall notice: one of the local, the other of the constitutional effects of smoking. The former was the case of a captain in the Indian navy, who, from smoking cheroots, had contracted an ulceration of the mucous membrane of the left cheek, extending backwards to the tonsil and pharynx of the same side, having all the characteristic appearances of cancer. Such was his condition when he applied to our author; but the disease resisted every mode of treatment, and he died the victim of the cheroots.

The other is the case of a man—an American, it would seem—who, according to his own statement, began chewing tobacco at seventeen years of age, swallowing the juice to avoid the injury he apprehended might accrue to his lungs from constant spitting. He afterwards suffered much from gnawing at the stomach, a capricious appetite, nausea, vomiting of his meals, emaciation, nervous irritability, and palpitation of the heart. After seven years thus passed, he became the subject of *angina pectoris*. 'One day after dinner,' he said, relating his case to Dr Corson of New York, 'I was suddenly seized with intense pain in the chest, gasping for breath, and a sensation as if a crowbar were pressed tightly from the right breast to the left, till it came and twisted in a knot round the heart, which now stopped deathly still for a minute, and then leaped like a dozen frogs. After two hours of death-like suffering, the attack ceased; and I found that ever after my heart missed every fourth beat! My physician said that I had organic disease of the heart, must die suddenly, and need only take a little brandy for the painful paroxysms; and I soon found it the only thing that gave them any relief. For the next twenty-seven years I continued to suffer milder attacks like the above, lasting from one to several minutes, sometimes as often as two or three times a day or night; and to be sickly-looking, thin, and pale as a ghost.'

All this time the man had not thought of attributing his sufferings to the use of tobacco; but one day he took it into his head to revolt against being a slave to one *vile habit alone*, and after thirty-three years' use, he renounced it at once and for ever. 'Words,' he said, 'could not describe my suffering and desire for a time. I was reminded of the Indian who, next to all the rum in the world, wanted all the tobacco. But my firm will conquered. In a month my paroxysms nearly ceased, and soon after left entirely. I was directly a new man, and grew stout and hale as you see. With the exception of a little asthmatic breathing, in close rooms and the like, for nearly twenty years since I have enjoyed excellent health.'

On examination, Dr Corson found the heart of this individual apparently healthy in size and structure, only irregular, intermitting still at every fourth pulsation. He is now, or was a few months ago, still living, a highly intelligent man, sixty-five years of age, stout, ruddy, and managing a large business.

Facts like these are worthy the grave consideration of those who use the noxious herb, if no better plea can be urged in its defence than that it passes an idle hour, and supplies the care-worn and depressed spirit with a gentle and soothing species of intoxication.

## M A R E T I M O.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A CONFLICT BETWEEN CUNNING AND CHANCE.

WHEN Walter and his new friend, Mr Buck, had plotted with the padre to release Angela from restraint, it was without any very definite idea of what they were next to do. Their resolutions were taken too suddenly to be complete. Foresight would perhaps have checked their energy, suggesting that the success of their *corp de main* would be but the beginning of difficulties. Whither could they hope to sail with the fugitive in that open boat? Angela, in her ignorance of maritime matters, might be forgiven if she believed that they were bound direct for Sicily. Her friends knew, even before they acquired the certainty that they were to be pursued, how very arduous and delicate a task they had undertaken. It was not easy to smuggle out from a kingdom so overrun with police the daughter of one of the most powerful of its families. Their gallant enterprise might lead to imprisonment and disgrace. When, therefore, Angela, surprised at their sombre manner, and making an effort to resist the contagion, began to talk with almost childish glee as she sat wrapped in her cloak, leaning against the gunwale of the cutter, which now and then dipped into the dark water, that seemed to rush by as the breeze blew stronger and stronger—when Angela, we say, impatient to be cheered and justified in her gladness by her new friends, talked of the wonderful stratagems she would invent to bring about her husband's release, Mr Buck could not refrain from saying, with a kind of paternal sneer:

'As you are so very ingenious, my dear madam, perhaps you can suggest two things—first, how we are to get out of the Bay of Naples; and next, how we are to get into the port of Palermo.'

Angela, feeling her invention perfectly at fault, drew the cloak close around her, and soon slept, or pretended to sleep, her soul yearning all the time towards the Prisoner, who was sitting in his cell, intent on his plan for cleaving those massive stone-walls to find a way to liberty.

The signal-guns, fired to warn the cruisers at the entrance of the bay to stop all outward-bound vessels, made it evident, according to Mr Buck, that the Princess Corsini believed that the escape of Angela had been long meditated.

'She thinks us cleverer than we are,' said he bitterly. 'No doubt we ought to have chartered a vessel, and kept her standing off and on near Capri ready to receive us.'

'In that case we should, as matters stand, most certainly have fallen into the hands of the enemy.'

'Yes, if we had been idiots enough to allow the old princess to escape and give the alarm. I wish I had her here—yes, I do,' added Mr Buck, gnashing his teeth, and looking very much as if he regretted not having devoured the noble lady, and her nephew into the bargain.

Their position was certainly very critical. Even if



it had been possible for the cutter to perform the long voyage before them without preparation and without provisions, they knew they could not reach either of the channels leading out of the bay before daylight, when they were sure to be descried, chased, and made prisoners. Walter suggested that they might land at an uninhabited spot, towards Sorrento, cross the promontory, and reach Salerno, where they might freight a vessel for Sicily; but after a little discussion, it became clear that their appearance would excite suspicion, and that they could not fail to be detained by the police. Several other plans presented themselves, but seemed equally impracticable. At last Mr Buck murmured that they might give themselves up, and appeal to the justice of the king.

'There is no word in Naples stronger with Nasone than the word of the Princess Corsini. What she whispers will be done.'

This observation came from a person who had not hitherto taken any part in the discussion—the elder of the two lads who formed Mr Buck's crew. He was sitting near the sheets, ready to let go, in case any more violent gust than usual blew, and had listened very attentively to whatever was said; for they spoke in Italian for the benefit of Angela.

'Alas! the lad speaks true,' murmured the latter. 'My aunt's influence is all-powerful with the king. If it seem that we cannot escape, take me back to Annunziata, where my submission will disarm anger against you.'

'We don't care,' exclaimed Mr Buck heroically, 'what becomes of ourselves. But we have said that we will take you to Sicily, and to Sicily we will take you. *Corpo di Bacco!* we are men of our word. Josefo, you rascal, as you are so clever at frightening us, perhaps you are clever enough to tell us what we ought to do.'

These words were spoken rather as a sneer than in hope, but they produced their effect. The lad had his plan ready long before, and was only waiting for an opportunity to produce it. He advised them to steer straight for Naples, where the news of Angela's escape would probably not arrive before morning. They might land boldly, as if returning from an excursion. The presence of a lady, it is true, would attract attention. Angela, therefore, must don a sailor's dress, and take his, Josefo's, place, whilst he would swim ashore.

'There is a new dress in the chest,' said Josefo, 'which Mr Buck gave me in the Holy Week.'

'All this is very good,' observed Walter, noticing that Angela assented by nods to what was suggested; 'but when we are in the city, how are we to get out?'

'We shall have time to talk of that before the morning,' replied Josefo, who seemed to think he was not called upon to exert his inventive faculties further for the present.

No better plan suggesting itself, they continued to steer, as we have already related, with a favourable breeze towards Naples; and not long after midnight arrived off the port. Angela had retired behind the sail, and was busily engaged assuming her disguise. There was a splash in the water.

'What is that?' she exclaimed in an anxious voice, appearing boldly, because by the dim light given by the half-shrouded moon the two Englishmen could only just see that she had pulled a red cap nearly over her eyes, and had substituted for her gown a heavy jacket and a pair of loose trousers.

'That,' said Walter, 'is the real Josefo, who has slipped overboard. You are Josefo for the present.'

The other lad was grinning at the metamorphosis of the lovely passenger.

'Signorina,' he said at length, 'you must hide your face too as much as you can. We sailor-boys are not so white and pretty. And, then, Santa Virgine! you have shoes and clean stockings!'

'Must I pull them off?' asked Angela simply, quite ready to make any sacrifice for success. The two Englishmen, who never had taken charge of a lady in disguise before, remained puzzled and silent.

'No,' said the boy, who knew exactly how he might talk to an Italian lady. 'I will engage your pretty feet are whiter than snow, and would draw all eyes. Let me make them ugly.'

He took some old rags, and wrapped them round Angela's feet and ankles, as if they were wounded. Then he tucked her immense black tresses as well as he could under the elastic woollen cap, and turned up the collar of her jacket in the most ungraceful manner possible.

'Bravo, Carlotta!' said Mr Buck, drawing a long breath; for he would never have ventured to take such liberties. As for Walter, he was too much bewildered by anxiety, and too ignorant of the customs of the country and the kind of danger they ran, to see the importance of all these precautions. Another idea also troubled him. Could the boys be trusted? He did not know that at Naples both fishermen and lazzaroni consider it a sacred duty to throw all manner of impediments in the way of the police. Even a murderer is sure to have popular sympathy on his side. Official justice makes martyrs of its victims.

The moon, as we have hinted, was partially concealed by clouds; but the lights on the pier, and in the rigging of the vessels that crowded the port, made the cutter visible as it glided in. Before they had furled the sail and got out the oars, a well-manned custom-house boat shot across their bows, and bade them declare themselves.

'Good-night, Signor Bartolomeo,' cried Mr Buck. 'How terribly awake you are! Is there a smuggler reported in the offing? Come on board. We have lots of contraband goods.'

One of the officers cast the light of a lantern from stem to stern of the cutter. The false Josefo pretended to do something to the sail.

'What! is it you, Signor Buck?' exclaimed the commander of the revenue-boat, in a somewhat disappointed tone. 'You have made a long trip this time. I saw you go out the other day.'

So saying, the speaker gave a cursory glance over the side of the cutter, just as a matter of form; and then allowing it to proceed, told his men to pull slowly alongside. He was in a talkative mood.

'Did you hear the signal-guns?' he inquired.

'We heard some guns,' replied Mr Buck, secretly wishing Bartolomeo, his boat and crew, at the bottom of the sea.

'They have waked us all up,' continued the other. 'Not a soul will stir abroad this night without having a lantern brought to his face. 'Tis lucky for you, you are so well known.'

'But what is the matter?' ventured Walter.

Before answering, Bartolomeo instinctively turned the lantern upon his interlocutor, and then said:

'Who knows? 'Tis no affair of ours. Some prisoner escaped, perhaps: some traitor or robber.'

They came towards the landing-place, where three or four gendarmes, with muskets that glittered as the light of the revenue-boat shone upon them, were waiting in a vigilant group to receive the boat that arrived at so undue an hour of the night.

'My knees tremble,' whispered Angela to Walter. 'I cannot stand—I shall not be able to pass under the eyes of those men.'

Mr Buck, who plied one oar whilst Carlotta wielded the other, signed to her to be silent. All that scene remained ever after indelibly fixed on her memory: the dark hulls of the vessels on either hand; the line of pleasure-boats gently swinging to and fro, fastened to their rings along the sea-wall; the uncertain outline of the great houses that surround the port, looking like a

precipice, indented with narrow defiles called streets; the patch of sombre water, with little columns of light thrown down into its depths here and there; the sky covered with clouds so thin, that where the moon was, its rays shone through as through a dome of alabaster; the dim forms of her friends by her side, of her enemies on either hand—in the boat that now followed in their wake, and on the landing-place, where several eager faces could just be made out. Suddenly the oars ceased to ply; and they glided gently on, until checked by a couple of vigorous hands that seized the prow of the cutter. That was a moment of intense anxiety.

'Tis Signor Buck,' cried Bartolomeo, whose boat came up at the same time. The announcement was taken to be a good joke; and even the disappointed gendarmes joined in the laugh.

They landed without undergoing any scrutiny at all, Mr Buck, as a measure of precaution, lading the false Josefo with a heap of cloaks. Carlotto took the boat round to its ring, and followed his master; so that very shortly the whole party was proceeding together in the direction of the Chiaja. By this time the moon had got free from clouds, and was poised above dim Capri, shedding its beams profusely over sea and mountains, that all looked strangely unsubstantial and transparent. They skirted Villa Reale, where there were still promenaders astir, now gliding beneath heavy shadows, now coming out into the silver day cast between the trees.

'Whither are we going, and what are we now to do?' said Walter, who had been prevented by the prudent Mr Buck from relieving Angela of her burden of cloaks.

'We are going to my house, where we shall hold a council of war,' was the reply. 'I am already beginning to have ideas; but Josefo will be there, no doubt; and he is a lad of invention.'

Mr Buck lived in a steep street, near the gate leading to Pozzuolo—in a rambling building, with bright little courts and corridors, all festooned with vines, divided by pavilions and wings, distributed according to some mysterious system of architecture. The house was large enough for a prince; and indeed a prince, the owner, did live in a distant corner of it. All the rest was supposed to belong to the Englishman, who had, however, furnished only a couple of rooms—on the ground-floor, between two of the courts—and a little chamber in a tower, where slept his *factotum*, as he called her—an old lady, hight Lina, who condescended to open the door of this particular department of the building, after half an hour had been spent in sport with the knocker and the bell. There was a small altercation between master and servant, which shewed that Mr Buck, like most old bachelors, was accustomed to obey sometimes when he ought to have commanded. However, by the exertion of a good deal of energy, the party was got into a large room, scantily but picturesquely furnished in part Italian, part Oriental, part virtuoso, and part English style, with a good round table laden with books and empty porter-bottles; three cane-bottomed chairs, and a huge one of carved ilex-wood; some inlaid stools, a divan, a mat, a copy of Morghen's 'Transfiguration'; a portrait of the 'Winner of the Derby'; plaster-casts of the heads of Dr Gall, Courvoisier, Homer, Cicero, Napoleon, Lord Byron, and Sheridan; an elaborate model of Pompeii, constructed from stolen sketches; about thirty views of the Bay of Naples; a collection of Turkish pipes in a rack against the wall; the *London Directory*; a tabular view of Italian exports and imports; a large Bible; a blunderbuss; a bat with outstretched wings; a Venus of Milo; and a human skull. Such were some of the objects scattered about on the floor, on the furniture, against the walls, without any apparent order. Angela, who had a touch of superstition in her, became a little pale, and smiled faintly as she said that it reminded her of a magician's cell. The

forms around could only just be distinguished by the light of a small candle, which Lina set down ere she went away, turning a deaf ear to her master's desperate insinuations about supper.

'The truth is, I never eat anything here,' said he with a deprecating look. 'However, I have a case of biscuits, and the water of the pump is excellent mixed with a little brandy.'

Whilst Mr Buck was making a display of his hospitality, Josefo arrived, already half-dry after his ducking. The whole party—more brilliant lights being procured, and all dismal notions being dispersed—supped gaily, whilst discussing their future proceedings. Even Angela, though feeling awkward in presence of so many strangers in her new dress, enlivened the scene by her eager talk. A plan was soon formed.

'The case is clear,' quoth Mr Buck, stating the result of a good many hints, the principal of which came from Josefo. 'I harness my gig at daylight, and we all start as if for an excursion to the Grotto del Cane. No one will suspect for a moment that we are the culprits who woke up the bay this night; the very impudence of the thing will be our safeguard. We drive to the village of Resina; and there, the deuce is in it if we do not find a felucca ready to take us to the world's-end for money. Upon my honour, this is quite exciting.'

'But,' suggested Walter, to whom some tardy compunctions of conscience came, 'we are disturbing your life. Is it right to drag you with us through all this perilous adventure?'

'Right or not, Mr Masterton, I must go with you. As soon as the messenger, now on his way from Castellamare, reaches Naples, I shall receive what is called a domiciliary visit, and an invitation to see the inside of one of his Neapolitan majesty's prisons. Our minister will, of course, take my part; but what can he do? Did I not act the brigand most successfully? No, no; until this affair blows over, Messrs Thompson and Pulci must do without me. I will leave a line with Lina about pressing business; and take the opportunity of visiting Sicily, where, however, there is nothing to see like the Bay of Naples.'

This was spoken with a sigh expressive of regret; but there was nothing assailable in his reasoning, and Walter was obliged to admit Mr Buck to the post of a perpetual accomplice. As human nature, however, remains human nature under all circumstances, it may be as well to notice that he looked forward with pleasure to the time when he should be able again to assume the chief command. Hitherto, since his arrival at Naples, he had been reduced to quite a subordinate part; others were doing more, and risking more, for Paolo than he was. He certainly felt some jealousy, but that did not prevent him from seizing Mr Buck's hand, and shaking it with fervour, in acknowledgment of the sacrifices he had made throughout with so much simplicity and good-nature, and without any motive but that of serving a person who, by the mere frankness of his demeanour, had won him to friendship.

The few remaining hours of night passed rapidly away. Angela slept beneath a cloak on the divan. The boys huddled together in a corner. Walter tried to read a guide-book, and nodded into unconsciousness at every line. Mr Buck disappeared, under pretence of changing his dress, and slumbered audibly for an hour or two. He was the first, however, astir; and came into the great room cracking his whip as soon as warm tints began to flush through the gray of the morning. Their preparations were rapidly made; and just as Lina, aroused by the noise in the courtyard, looked with half-opened eyes through her little window, the gig rolled away laden, as she had just time to ascertain, with two Englishmen and three sailor-boys. As the police of Naples are not very active, though persevering, it was near mid-day before she

was called upon to make this statement to 'the proper authority.'

The appearance of the gig thus laden at the Pozzuolo gate was so much a matter of course—so ordinary a circumstance—that Walter felt almost annoyed. Things could not have gone on smoother, had they been mere vulgar tourists. They passed—Mr Buck's pony, which he called a horse, jogging at a terribly deliberate pace—through the long tunnel of Pozzuolo without a single romantic incident, and entered on the Elysian Fields—that scene of desolation and gloom, of extinct volcanoes, marvellous grottoes, sulphurous springs—just as if they were bound on an ordinary picnic. When Walter afterwards tried to call to mind what he saw during that morning's drive, he found that he had noticed absolutely nothing. The Monte Nuovo floated like a cone without a base in his memory. The Solfatara had no geographical position whatever. The indented Bay of Baia shone like a huge star, it is true, beyond the green expanse of the Lucrine Marshes, as the sun beamed over the promontory of Posilippo. Black and deserted was the whole country they traversed, as if the breath of a fiery tempest had burned it up. But, as we have said, all these elements of the scene did not unite to form any picture in his mind. He had done nothing but gaze intently back along the dry and dusty road they had traversed—too slowly, he thought—expecting every moment to see pursuers galloping after. We need not, therefore, describe as we go along. The motionless Mediterranean at length appeared, like a sky more intensely blue than the one above, spreading out at the base of a long range of dismal sand-hills. A number of fishing-boats lay still in a group some distance out. The village of Resina formed a line of low houses along this inhospitable shore. A jetty of black mouldy piles afforded an insufficient protection to two or three barks.

Josefo said he knew all the people of the village. Some of them, indeed, were his relations. He warned Walter and his companions, however, not to appear too eager in their bargain. They must pretend to have a sudden desire to visit the islands of Ischia and Procida. To admit the character of fugitives, would lead at anyrate to delay.

They halted, accordingly, some distance from the village. Walter, Angela, and Carlotto got down, and walked along the beach, whilst Mr Buck drove up over the shingle to Resina, Josefo running by his side. The women and children of the place, who were squatting at the doors of their houses, with the princely idleness of those southern climes, scarcely deigned to look at them, or to answer their questions when they spoke.

To Walter and Angela this was perhaps one of the most exciting moments they had yet passed through. Previously, there had always appeared at least to be several alternatives before them. If one scheme failed, another was open for trial. But here all depended on the cast of a single die. Was it or was it not possible to procure a bark sufficiently large to enable them to leave that shore? Return was out of the question. By this time, no doubt, the police were on their track; and at anyrate, in a few hours they were certain to be pursued.

'You must not think me selfish,' said Angela, who, now quite at ease in her new costume, sat upon the sand, eagerly watching for some sign of comfort from the village. 'As long as there is a chance that I can escape with you to join my husband, and assist in his deliverance, I accept your services unhesitatingly. You have come for that purpose. To thank you now, would be an injury. He will thank you when the glory of liberty is on his brow.'

'You perfectly understand us, signora,' replied Walter. 'At anyrate, I am performing a sacred duty—paying a debt of gratitude—and shall never deserve thanks. Our single-hearted friend yonder will be

rewarded by the consciousness that he has done a good action.'

'He is very long,' murmured Angela.

'The bargain may be a difficult one,' said Walter, speaking cheerfully, though in reality he began to feel uneasy and anxious. The motions of Mr Buck were indeed inexplicable. He had driven up and down along the beach in front of the houses of Resina at least twenty times, stopping every now and then, talking and gesticulating, but apparently making no progress in his negotiations. They anxiously waited for some sign of motion amongst the barks near the jetty; but there was none.

Carlotto, who had wandered up the steep bank that concealed the country they had traversed, came suddenly running towards them. 'We are lost!' cried he. 'There is a body of horsemen riding to and fro near the Solfatara, as if searching. Certainly, they are the police. They will soon be on our track.'

Walter and Angela rose in great alarm, and drew near the village. Mr Buck came driving towards them.

'Victoria!' he cried. 'All right. The *Madonna*, a first-rate felucca, will be manned in an hour. I have diplomatized and temporised like Metternich. See that little boat: it is gone to recruit sailors among the fishermen.'

There was, indeed, a little skiff to be descried traversing the space that separated the land from the cluster of boats lying out at sea, now no longer tranquil, but beginning gently to ripple beneath a breeze that had risen within a few minutes.

'In an hour!' shouted Walter in English: 'it will be too late. The myrmidons are on our track; they will be here in a few minutes.'

Mr Buck gave a desperate whistle. Carlotto, who had again gone up to the summit of a little eminence, ran past them hurriedly without saying a word. They hastened in a body to the village.

The *Madonna*, a felucca some thirty feet in length by eight in breadth, was quite ready to start, except that all its crew were out in the fishing-boats. The captain, with the assistance of Josefo, was laboriously getting up the anchor. Carlotto joined them, and the work went on better. A small boat floated alongside the jetty. Walter and Angela entered, whilst Mr Buck gave his horse and gig into the hands of a lad who undertook to drive back to Naples. All the people remaining in the village crowded down to see the departure, and share in the *grani*, which were distributed with even more than English generosity. A sly old invalided sailor, who had seen things in his time, began to whisper that they were assisting political fugitives, and cunningly pointed out the small feet and civilised shoes of Angela. At this moment a party of soldiers, with shining uniforms and arms, galloped over the sand-hills about half a mile from the beach, and halting a moment, seemed to search for something they had made sure of finding. The gig was hidden from view by a house, but the unusual activity of the population shewed the horsemen in which direction to come. As there was no sign of any preparations to escape, they approached only at a rapid walk, their bright uniforms and sabres that jingled by their sides flashing in the sun.

'Soldiers, soldiers!' suddenly exclaimed the villagers, scampering away; for they had an instinctive perception that something more than ordinary was going on.

'What is that?' said the captain looking up. The anchor was weighed, and the head of the *Madonna* was swinging slowly round seaward. Walter lifted Angela into the felucca, and leaped on board. Mr Buck followed, spurning back the boat. Without waiting for instructions, Josefo and Carlotto were endeavouring to hoist the huge lateen-sail. It was almost above their



strength; but they spread sufficient of it to take the wind, and the *Madonna* began slowly to distance the jetty!

'*Cosa c'è! Diavolo!*' screamed the captain, rushing to the rudder. He had no motive for braving the anger of the gendarmes, who came dashing up in a hurricane of plumes, moustaches, cross-bands, gigantic gloves, drawn swords, oaths, and hollans—to say nothing of the terrible careering of their horses—to the now deserted jetty. In another instant he would have stranded his vessel; but Walter was beforehand with him. The barrel of a pistol, a very humble little pistol of small calibre, glanced close to his eyes, and that was enough. He started back. Walter seized the beam. Up went the sail another foot or two, Mr Buck hauling with all his might. The *Madonna* felt the wind in good earnest, and gently bending over, began to leave a bright wake behind. A very unmistakable sound came from the shore. The gendarmes were hastily getting ready to fire. Luckily, they had not anticipated that matters would be brought to this extremity, and their carbines were all empty.

'Lie down!' cried Walter, still steering with a firm hand towards the fishing-boats.

The captain was the first to obey the injunction. He rolled into the safest corner. Josefo and Carlotto, being no heroes, also let go the tackle, and crouched by the side of Angela. Mr Buck still made desperate efforts to haul up the sail, which flapped and struggled as if eager to catch the wind. The *Madonna* glided away from shore with an easy motion. They heard the discharge—there was a sharp whizzing in the air—and the water was struck in several places as with a whip; but in another minute the *Madonna* was out of range.

'The lubbers can't aim,' shouted Buck, dancing on the deck as he still held on by the rope.

'Then 'twas a chance ball did this,' said Walter quietly, as he pointed to a wound upon his cheek, from which two or three big drops of blood were trickling.

Many ladies in Angela's place would have fainted; but she came sidling along the unsteady deck, with a rich embroidered kerchief in her hand, and insisted on stanching the wound. As she saw there was no great harm done, she laughed and cried at the same time; and clenching her little hand, shook it angrily towards the beach, where the gendarmes were performing a variety of evolutions expressive of disappointment and anger.

'Signori!' now exclaimed the captain, tearing his hair, whilst the sail still went up, and the *Madonna* began to dash through the heaving waters, 'I am a ruined man, and shall never be able to return to Resina again.'

They comforted him as well as they could, but most seriously threatened to put him to death if he offered the slightest impediment to their designs. With a very ill grace, therefore, he hailed the boats, whilst Walter played with a pistol close by his side, and gathered his crew of three or four men, already prepared by the messenger previously sent. Thus in less than half an hour after leaving the jetty, the *Madonna*, with her full complement of hands, was sailing out direct westwards over the sea that dashed merrily in the sunlight; and the long coast of Italy, rising in irregular outline behind, began to assume the purple tints of distance.

Their position was not by any means satisfactory. It soon became evident, by the murmurs of the crew, that it would be no easy matter to continue the voyage. The men cared little for the police, being prepared to plead superior force, and their well-known cowardice. But there were no provisions on board—no bread, no macaroni, no dried fish, even no water. It could not be denied that, under such circumstances, it would be absurd to lay the *Madonna* on a course

which might keep her for three or four days out of sight of land. Besides, these feluccas rarely venture on more than coasting-voyages; and after a little time, the master, driven to desperation by the murmurs of the crew, came crouching towards Walter, and in the most humbly determined accents that he could assume, announced that it was the general voice that they ought to return to Resina.

Walter and Mr Buck felt that, although they might frighten the crew into submission for a time, it would be impossible to continue the voyage if they remained in perpetual fear of mutiny. Changing their tone, therefore, they persuaded and promised; Josefo and Carlotto, who had kept out of sight as long as there was danger of a struggle, now coming eloquently to their assistance. The pecuniary question was soon settled. The crew made their own terms. But how was the *Madonna* to be provisioned? An old sailor, one-eyed and down-looking, who seemed to be influential with his companions, proposed that they should wait until the darkness, which was rapidly coming on, had quite closed in, and then make the island of Ischia, where provisions in plenty could be procured, whilst there was little danger that any news from the main would arrive to disturb them.

As soon, therefore, as the sun, which had rapidly curved over their heads during all these incidents, had set amidst a saffron vapour in the west, the *Madonna*, which had lain-to for an hour, was put upon a new tack. Presently darkness surrounded it; and all on board slept or dozed, save Walter, who felt an uneasiness he could not explain, and one or two sailors, who whispered together near the bows, and were silent when he in pacing the narrow deck approached them. They were calculating whether it would not be more profitable to betray than to serve the fugitives. From the police, it was certain they could expect little but threats and cuffs; but the name of the Princess Corsini had been mentioned. She was known to be an open-handed lady to those who served her. Would she not give as much to each single traitor as had been promised to the whole crew together?

It was a couple of hours at least after complete darkness had set in, that Walter, still watchful, noticed, straining his eyes, that they were in a narrow strait, with lofty land on either side. It had been agreed that they should touch at a village on the extreme western point of Ischia. Was it situated at the bottom of a deep inlet? The doubt was soon set at rest; for the rising moon suddenly appeared right in front of them, from behind a lofty range of hills, and its interminable silver wake shewed that they were steering full into the Bay of Naples. Before Walter had time to understand what was passing, a vessel, schooner-rigged, moving under a cloud of canvas, swept across their track. The old sailor, who had advised the return to Ischia, hollowed his hand round his mouth, and hailed. Walter felt inclined to shoot him; but checking himself, he threw away the weapon that might lead to a useless crime, and did justice with his fist. The culprit fell like a heap of rags, nearly over the low bulwarks; but Walter was seized from behind, and felt his arms pinioned. Half-a-dozen voices shouted: 'Here are the Englishmen; here are the traitors;' for those who had not joined in the conspiracy, now that there was no chance of recall, assented in order to share the spoil. The vessel had changed its course, and was passing majestically within half a cable's length. Two or three hails were exchanged; and the felucca was ordered to come alongside.

'They have betrayed us to one of the king's vessels—the *Maria Christina*, I think!' exclaimed Mr Buck.

'It is then all over, my friends,' murmured Angela, as she held the hands of her two protectors, who had both been seized but were now released. 'Shall I leap overboard?'

Poor Angela, indeed, seriously meaning what she said, took a step forward, but her friends restrained her: and as the *Madonna* had the wind taken out of her sail under the hull of the schooner, Walter whispered: 'Take courage, lady, something tells me that Providence has not abandoned us.'

### TRAVELLING BABIES.

THE English at home are a curious people—not much like what we guess them to be from their countrymen in France. They are indignant at the mistakes we sometimes make in describing their manners, and judging of their character; but it seems to me—although I must confess I have been but a short time in the country—that accuracy is impossible, and that it is so not less from our want of comprehension than from their excessive oddity. Now, a little while ago, when peeping listlessly into the ladies' waiting-room at a railway-station, my attention was attracted by a lady, her little girl, and nurse.

The child appeared to have seen at least six or seven summers, as the novelists say. She amused herself by running and dancing about, shewing her activity and childish joy in various ways, until the train-bell rang, when a stop was put to her amusement by mamma and nurse jointly calling: 'Come, baby, come! here's the train!' The gigantic baby paid obedience, when, lo! the sturdy limbs, which a few moments before had displayed such vigorous powers of movement, were quickly enveloped in an immense shawl, and the poor, helpless baby was carried in nurse's arms to the carriage.

This was a simple circumstance, you will say. Yes, but quite unfathomable. How should I describe it as a trait of manners? How should I reason upon it as an indication of character? I stood gazing into the window with an air of such puzzlement as attracted the attention of a respectable-looking person near me.

'That is curious!' said I to him—for an Englishman is so far like a ghost, that he never speaks till he is spoken to.

'Not curious at all,' replied he: 'children in arms go free.'

Some time after, in another room of the same kind, where there were persons of both sexes, I stumbled upon another baby; and this, by the way, is not wonderful, for in England babies are great travellers—there is no such thing as going anywhere without coming in contact with them.

It was a cold wintry day, a bright fire glowed on the hearth, and the room was almost filled with passengers. My attention was drawn to a young female, who was perambulating the apartment with something in her arms, which might be conjectured to be a young baby. Several of the ladies seemed struck by her careless mode of carrying her living charge; for though she occasionally bent her head, as if to soothe the little one, still there was a certain want of tenderness in her manner, which did not bespeak either the affectionate mother or faithful nurse. A lady who sat near me asked of another:

'Do you think it really is a baby that young person carries?'

'I do not know,' she replied; 'but if so, and she is its mother, I pity it.'

I rose and walked past the questionable parent, looking at her burden as I did so; but it was too closely muffled in the shawl for its features to be seen by a passing-glance, although the motions of its little limbs shewed that it was in life, and probably in health.

One of the ladies present, who had tried the same experiment and had also failed, seemed at length determined to satisfy her curiosity, and obtain a peep at the mysterious darling. Approaching it softly, she addressed the mother in her sweetest tones:

'Is this a baby you have?' and at the same time in

a dexterous but gentle way removing the shawl from deary's face, she obtained a visible instead of verbal reply to her question, by obtaining a view, amid the mother's blushes, of her little one, who was probably the image of its father—a *poodle dog*! All were amused, and even the parent smiled. But the finale was yet to come. A train was heard to arrive, and she immediately arranged her baby-dog's wrapper, and held it in a far more mother-like way than before: the experience of the last half-hour being evidently used to advantage. While the train was getting ready to renew its course, she promenaded the platform; but Doggy, who had hitherto been an example to all babies, became restless. Whether the change from the warm atmosphere of the waiting-room to the keen wintry air outside affected his lungs, or induced him to wish for a romp on the platform, I know not, but certain it is he began to cry, and from low imploring whines raised the tone to sharp, resolute, I-will-have-my-own-way barks. In vain did mamma strive to appease him, and hug him to her bosom, he seemed determined to display his powers of dog-language. Just at this crisis one of the guards walked up to the lady, and striving, but in vain, to peep into Tiny's face, he remarked: 'Poor little thing! it wants something you must give him when you get inside.' The train was now ready, and mamma and baby vanished.

What could be the explanation of this scene? The Sphinx could not have read the riddle; but an old woman standing near answered my question in the same words I had heard on the former occasion—

'Children in arms go free.'

'I know that,' said I.

'Well, Mister—but dogs don't,' replied the old woman.

### A ROOM IN DAMASCUS.

The floor is of two levels: the first or lowest, into which you enter, contains a fountain with several spouts of water, is paved with marble, has racks for pipes, recesses in the walls for nargelies, cups, &c., and other conveniences for the household. Here the slaves wait the will of their masters, and here you put off the slippers before you ascend to the second level, where the mats are spread and the family sitting. Over this fountain is suspended from the highest part of the ceiling a chandelier, with a great many little glass-lamps, whose various lights, mingling with the waters, and reflected from them, produce a very beautiful effect. The second level is twelve or eighteen inches higher than the first, and is the place appropriated to the family; it is often separated from the lower part by a little railing of wood or stone. Mats are spread upon the earthen-floor, and round the walls mattresses three feet or three feet and a half broad, are spread out for the accommodation of the family, upon the mats, or upon low wooden frames four or six inches in height. The ceilings are lofty and ornate; beautiful carving, interspersed with numerous little looking-glasses, relieves and gratifies the eye, and very often the circular centre-piece is composed of massive embossment, in which a gigantic serpent, displaying its beautiful folds and glancing eyes, seems ready to spring upon you. Let the sun now shed his golden beams through the upper windows, which are of beautiful stained glass; let the golden letters in panels upon the walls appear in their beauty; let hundreds of little looking-glasses above and around you reflect and multiply every object and movement; place a number of richly-clothed Turks, with long beards and flowing robes, upon the divan, amidst soft mattresses and velvet cushions, with long pipes in their mouths; add to all this the unceasing murmur of falling waters, and you have a scene really beautiful, and truly Oriental.—*Graham's Jordan and the Rhine.*

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